

Life Sketches and **• • • • Sermons**

...By...

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Evangelist

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I.
RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY
CHILDHOOD.

 HAVE a faint, indistinct memory of looking down upon the woolly head, while I rode about the yard on the shoulders of Frank, the faithful colored boy, who was my nurse, and of leaving some milk for him in my glass when milk was scarce on the farm.

My first distinct and vivid memory clusters around my being told that my mother had died when I was two years of age, and that my father, who resided in a distant part of the State, was coming to see his children soon. There were two of us, my sister being two years older than myself.

Our father had taken us to live with our grandfather Morrison at the death of our mother, and a combination of circumstances had kept him away from us for two years. I was now about four years of age, and had heard much of my father, and you may be sure my sister, who had some faint memory of him, and myself were eager to see him. The week that we had to wait

for his coming, seemed like a month, but at last it was—*to-morrow*.

We children went to bed early in order to hurry up the coming day if possible, and we were up with the first birds, helped grandfather feed the stock, and saw him off to town by the time the sun was up, to meet and bring home our father.

What a long, long day that was. From the back door of the kitchen we could get a view of the road leading into the county seat, and we made that door headquarters for the day, and watched with anxious eyes for the coming of father. Before our grandfather could possibly have had time to reach the town where he was to meet him, we were impatient for their coming. We kept faithful watch, hardly taking time to devour a few hurried bites at dinner, and back to the steps at the kitchen door. The sun was low and the shadows long, our hearts had almost surrendered the last faint hope, and our vivid imaginations had pictured out a score of evils that might have befallen our loved ones; but at last, just as the sun was going down, the wagon came into view with two men in it. We called for our aunt Lizzie, who came running, and as she caught a glimpse of the wagon, she said, "That is your father." We tum-

bled out of the door and our little feet fairly flew.

We climbed over the yard fence and ran down the road, my sister gaining on me for two reasons; being older she could run faster, and I ran with some hesitation.

I had not the slightest memory of father, having been separated from him when I was a mere baby, and I was not quite sure that it was he. But when he saw us coming and leaped out of the wagon and ran up the road to meet us, my fears all vanished.

Father caught sister up in his arms and kissed her repeatedly; then putting her down he ran for me. I remember how he looked, the kind of hat he had on; there were tears in his eyes, and laughter in his face; his arms were wide open, and I ran into them.

I have photographed in my mind that meeting, and that is all I remember of the visit. They tell me father remained with us for a week, and that I held his finger or rode on his shoulders every walk that he took about the old farm; sat on his lap at every meal, and slept in his bosom every night. The week soon passed and the parting came, a sad one they say it was.

Directly after leaving us father went South with a drove of horses. He wrote

to my grandfather some time afterward. I remember one paragraph of the letter; it ran like this: "The war is coming on; Mississippi has drawn off from the Union. I have sold my horses; will wind up my business and come home as soon as possible." That paragraph satisfied us children. If the coming on of the war hastened father home we thought it was not an unmixed evil, and so we told the neighboring children that "the war was coming on, and father was winding up his business and would come home as soon as possible."

The times were full of excitement. Companies of volunteers were drilling in the old fields, and men could be seen galloping the road with guns on their shoulders almost any time. We heard rumors of coming armies and fearful battles.

Those were days that tried the hearts of men, filled women's souls with anguish, and made children's hair stand on end.

One day while playing at the woodpile, some distance from the house, I heard the clatter of horses' feet, and looking up saw one of my uncles riding rapidly up the road. He dismounted and hurried past me to the house, taking from his pocket the first envelope I had ever seen with a black border. I saw that he was excited, and

supposed the invading army was coming. While I was standing in wonder and fear, he entered the house, and at once I heard a great outburst of weeping from the women of the household. I hurried in and found my grandmother, two aunts and little sister all crying as if some great calamity had befallen us, and so it was.

I inquired the cause of the grief, and Aunt Lizzie took me up in her arms, and after somewhat suppressing her feelings, said, "Buddie, your father is dead." A great pain shot through my heart. I leaped from her lap and went into the yard, and wandered about the orchard, climbed fences, went into the barn loft, and sought and sought for something I never found.

For a time it seemed that all possibility of hope and happiness had fled forever. We ate our food in silence, and if the older members of the family looked on us desolate little ones, the tears rolled down their cheeks. Somehow a child's heart will cling to hope, and for a time we looked for a letter contradicting the sad news of this one, and many times at the setting of the sun we gazed long and wistfully up the road for one that never came.

But time was kind to us, and the great wound in our hearts soon began to heal, the birds sang sweetly, and the fields were

gay, and by and by our merry laugh joined with that of the other children. But we never could forget the sad shock that came to our happy childhood, looking eagerly for the coming of our only living parent, when they said, "*Your father is dead.*"

From that time on it was easy to say, "*Our Father who art in heaven.*" The prayer was offered with mingled thoughts of the earthly one, who had just ascended, and the *Infinite* one, and somehow, I believe, in latter years the mingled thoughts helped me to seek and find and trust in our Infinite all-loving Father God.

Some years after father's death I was in our old district log school house, swinging my bare feet under the slab bench, and reading in one of the school books, when I found a little poem; the exact words I do not remember, but they were something like this :

"Of all the beautiful pictures
That hang on memory's wall,
There is one of a dim old forest
That seemeth the brightest of all."

I read the words over several times, casting about in my mind for my best picture, and the beautiful evening came back to me, the old oak tree, and the elm at the spring by the roadside, and my father coming up

the road to meet me as I ran to him, and I whispered it over to myself, as I have done many times since :

“ Of all the precious pictures
Which hang on memory’s wall,
There is one of the open arms of my father,
That seemeth the brightest of all.”



II.

MY CONVERSION.

REV. JAMES M. PHILLIPS, of the Louisville Conference, M. E. Church South, was sent by the Bishop to the Glasgow circuit in the fall of 1870.

He was a tall, slender young man, with high, broad forehead, large, kind eyes and beautiful countenance.

He was a little lame in one limb, which seemed to add rather than to detract from the gracefulness of his movements in the pulpit.

At the time of which I speak he was not a learned man, or a great sermonizer, but he preached with great earnestness and power. He had a fine voice, and could sing so loud and clear, that those coming to church a little late could hear him singing when several hundred yards away; but Bro. Phillips was strongest on his knees. He was a mighty man in prayer. He would plead with God for the lost until the congregation would be melted to tears. A revival broke out in the church, "Boyd's Creek Meeting House," where we attended

Sabbath School, directly after his coming, which resulted in the salvation of many souls.

My sister, and quite a number of cousins, and schoolmates, were among the number of those converted. They all went to the mourners' bench. None of them were urged to *make a profession of faith*, but they were directed to call on God to forgive their sins, for Jesus' sake, and this they did with great earnestness; they were penitent mourners for several days—deep sick of sin.

Those of us who looked on their agony and grief, got a conception of the sinfulness and danger there is in sin that could hardly have been conveyed to our minds in any other way. Well do I remember their shining faces, and glad shouts, when they were converted. For weeks they were radiant with joy. We who were left in our sins were very sad and lonely. I was under deep conviction during the meetings, and longed to go to the altar of prayer; but being young, only in my thirteenth year, and very small for my age, I stayed away from the altar, fearing if I should go the people would think I was too small to understand the full meaning of what I did.

No one came to me to ask me forward for prayer, and so I stayed back in the cor-

ner, sometimes standing on a bench to see the young people shout, and sometimes weeping with a broken heart. My being neglected became a source of strong temptation to me. Satan would suggest that no one cared for my soul, and tempted me to become so wild that the people would feel sorry that they had neglected me during the revival. The converts of that meeting stood well. I do not think any of them ever backslid. I was much in love with "Brother Phillips." Saint and sinner loved the man, and we all called him "brother." If I was in the field at work and saw him riding up the road, the sight of him would convict me of sin. If he turned his large, kindly eyes on me, and spoke to me, my heart would thrill, and long for salvation.

The impressions produced upon me by this revival largely wore away as the weeks passed by, and the following months were by far the most wicked of my life. The rejection of salvation is a dreadfully hardening process. I had been deeply convicted of sin, and had longed to go forward for prayer, but being neglected, had not the courage to go alone. I was afraid of the people, not the unconverted, but the church people. Their looks and actions seemed to tell me that I was too young to seek salvation.

From my very small childhood I had been afraid to sin against God, and if at night I remembered some sin committed during the day, I would have great fear lest I should die in my sleep and awake in torment. Especially was this the case if I in any way violated the Sabbath day. Sometimes a party of neighbor boys would come by on Sabbath afternoons and allure me away to the woods for a ramble. That would degenerate into the chasing of a rabbit with the dogs, or we would see some nice fish in the brook and improvise a brush drag and try to catch them. In the excitement I would forget; but when the boys would separate for home, I would hurry to the house, my grandfather's home, trembling with fear. Everything seemed to accuse and condemn me. As the sun would set and darkness fall upon the earth, I would seem almost to suffocate with fear, and many a night my dear Aunt Lizzie had to sit up with me long after the other members of the family were fast asleep, trying to soothe and comfort me. She would say, "The child is nervous, and it makes him very restless sometimes at night." The truth was the Holy Spirit was convicting me for sin. I think I passed through these seasons of fear, all the way from my sixth year up to the time of my conversion, which took

place during the Christmas week just before my fourteenth birthday, which came on the tenth of March.

Notwithstanding I drifted rapidly in the wrong direction, after the close of the revival, I well remember to have firmly made up my mind, that if Brother Phillips should be returned by the Conference to our circuit, I would seek religion.

I shall always believe that these deep convictions in my early childhood, to which I have referred, were produced upon my mind by the Holy Spirit, in answer to the prayers my mother had offered up before her death, and through the instrumentality of certain old ministers who often preached in our community, and through the life of the Sabbath school superintendent of the Methodist church. This old gentleman's name was William Snoddy. He was a wholly sanctified man, and a marvel of dignity, meekness, humility, and deeply solicitous for the salvation of the lost. His serene and solemn face, and unctious prayers, I never can forget.

In our community there was a local Methodist preacher, Jerome Landrum, and four Baptist preachers—Childers, Butram, Brooks and Gillick. Bro. Landrum had much revival power; Bro. Childers was an awful preacher on the Judgment. He was

a man of moderate education, but strong mind, and a great words orator. His sermons were powerful presentations of Bible truth, almost always pointing to the Judgment Day, and to the future woe and suffering of the impenitent sinner. Bro. Brooks was famous for singing "Did Christ o'er sinners weep, and shall my cheeks be dry?" He was also a faithful preacher of the Word. Bro. Butram was a plain man, with a settled countenance, and penetrating voice. Bro. Gillick was mighty in exhorting sinners to flee from the wrath to come. These old men, in life, and look, and sermon, made the things of God and the Bible fearfully real to a sinner.

Men who were living in their sins, and came under the influence of their pulpit ministrations, were made to feel that they must repent or meet an awful judgment, and spend eternity in a waterless, bottomless pit of fire.

I shall always feel thankful that in early childhood I heard these men preach. There was nothing in their sermons to make one laugh, but with solemn faces, uplifted hands, and in thundering tones they cried out to men that they must repent or perish.

Having entered into a sort of covenant with myself that I would seek religion if

Bro. Phillips returned to the circuit, I was in a state of suspense when he went away to Conference.

"If he should not return I am free from my vow, and may throw off the restraint that the pledge seemed to have put upon me. If he does return I must seek the Lord, for I have made my soul the promise." These thoughts were much in my mind.

On meeting some one who had heard from the Conference, I asked, "Who is to be our preacher?"

"Brother Phillips," was the answer.

At the mention of his name conviction shot through me like an arrow; my mind was fully made up, and I only waited for the protracted meeting to seek salvation.

The revival meetings were appointed for Christmas week, and I looked forward to the occasion with intense interest. Our district school was so near out when Christmas week came, our teacher determined to give us only Christmas day for a holiday, and then teach the two or three remaining days of the school during Christmas week. I was working hard for a prize with a good prospect of winning it, and so went to church at night and to school in the day time. There was a fearful struggle going on in my breast. The school closed on Thursday, and going home that afternoon,

I told James Bowles, one of my neighbor boys, my purpose to go to the altar that night to seek religion.

I remember the agitation in my breast as I rode to church. I took a seat on the end of the bench next to the aisle, about the third pew from the front, hoping some one would come and ask me to go forward for prayers, but fully determined if no one came, to go alone. The sermon was preached, the call made, no one came, the struggle was intense; it seemed as if I were riveted to the spot; I felt as if the powers of locomotion had left me; it seemed that for a time my will lost power over my feet, and I could not make them move. The spell of the tempter was on me, but leaning forward I broke away. The first step taken, the next was easy, and I almost ran to the altar. I fully expected to be converted that night. My thought was that I had not been nearly so outbreacking in sin as many of the boys in the neighborhood, and I was an orphan boy, and I thought that fact would especially appeal to God's compassion. I was surprised as the time passed and instead of peace a heavy load seemed settling down on my heart.

I left the church disappointed, remained much in prayer, and returning to the church Friday morning, went forward at once

before preaching commenced, and took my place at the "mourners' bench." That day the truth dawned upon my mind that I was a great sinner, and should *not* be saved simply because I was an orphan, but that my only hope was in Jesus.

The tempter now seemed to ridicule me for believing that I was better than the average boy, and made it appear that this presumption which I had felt, was so insulting to God, that there was now but little hope for me. I went forward again Friday night, and called upon the Lord for mercy, weeping and praying aloud.

The awful fact arose and looked me in the face, that I had sinned many times, and when mercy had been offered I had rejected it,—had refused to open the door of my heart when Jesus had stood knocking at it. This gave me great sorrow of heart. Saturday morning and night I was at the altar pleading earnestly for mercy. While at home I kept to myself, and much of the time was in secret prayer.

Sabbath morning I went to church early, hitched my horse, and went at once to the little "mourners' bench" in front of the old box pulpit, dropped down and commenced to pray for the forgiveness of my sins.

All at once it dawned upon me that I had made a great mistake in not offering

to give anything in return for pardon, and so I made the Lord many promises of what I would do for Him and His cause if He would only forgive my sins. I had a notion that if I could only get saved I would stir up the sinners of the community in a most wonderful way.

After the service I remained at the altar, crying aloud for mercy. The people, with a few exceptions, left, Rev. Phillips and my sister remaining with me. Finally, worn out with grief and the struggle for the blessing which it seemed I could not obtain, I arose and went home in great sadness and heaviness of heart. My tears ceased to flow, and I was startled to find that my tenderness of heart seemed to be gone. I was afraid the Spirit had left me, so I prayed to God to give me a tender heart, and that my tears of grief might flow.

In the afternoon there were clouds and the appearance of rain; it was dark and gloomy within and without. My grandfather said: "My son, you must not go to church to-night. You have been out many nights of late, and it will rain to-night. You will be sick if you get wet." I felt that I would certainly die if I did not get to the church that night, and so I went into the chimney corner and entreated the Lord to drive away the clouds.

Three times I went to this secret place of prayer, begging the Lord to drive the dark clouds from the skies, and just as the sun was going down the clouds were lifted and he poured out a great flood of light. This encouraged me. I had considered that the Lord had heard me. I ran to my grandfather and got his permission to go to church, and I was off in a hurry, lest with a change in the weather indications there might be a change in my grandfather's mind.

I arrived at church a little late, and, on going forward to the "mourners' bench," found it full of seekers. So I kneeled down at the end of the front bench, in the "Amen Corner," up next to the wall and commenced to pray. I did not hear the sermon. But after Bro. Phillips concluded the people sang and came around and instructed the seekers.

Some one came to me and said, "Joe Mansfield has found peace. Take courage, the Lord will save you." With this I broke into renewed grief. I thought if the Lord would come so near to me as Joe was and not save me there was but little hope left. Just then the Spirit took hold of me with a strong hand. He showed me my life, and how sinful it had been. He showed me the self-righteousness with which I had

come to the altar. He showed me how I had tried to buy salvation by promising the Lord to do many things. He showed me how many times I had rejected Christ, and He filled me with an awful sense of the fact that the God of the Universe did not need me or my good works, that he could drop me into the pit and carry forward His kingdom without any sort of help from me.

Up to this time I had feared that I might be lost. Now I saw clearly that I was lost. I pushed back from the bench and lay down upon the floor, and it seemed that I was "sinking down, sinking down, beneath God's righteous frown." I remember that I felt if I should be lost forever, that God is just. I was wailing aloud, when an old gentleman by the name of Hammer came to me. He was an exemplary member of the Baptist Church, an uncle of my father's by marriage. He stooped down, and in a most tender voice said: "God is not mad at you." The words shot through me. "God loves you," said he, and I ceased to weep; "why, God so loved you that he gave his only Son to die for you," said the good man. His words penetrated me, and it seemed as if my soul, or a voice within me said, "That is so;" and in an instant

I was on my feet praising God. My whole heart was aglow with love. I leaped for joy. Mike Smith, a neighbor boy, was sitting on the step of the pulpit. I caught him about the neck and hugged him with all my might; it seemed that I would die of joy if some vent of expression could not be found. Everybody looked beautiful, all my heart was aglow with love. Many years of conflict have passed away since that glad night, but sitting here in the silent room, by the smouldering fire in the grate, the memory of the incidents of that happy hour are as clear and fresh in my mind as if they had all occurred only last week; it seems that I can almost see the bright faces which smiled upon me that evening, and almost hear the songs. I thank God I still have the peace He gave me then.

“’Tis the old time religion,
And it’s good enough for me.”



III.

ERECTING THE FAMILY ALTAR.



NE of the severest tests of my early Christian life came when I felt strongly impressed to erect a family altar in the home of my grandfather.

The fact that we did not have united prayer in the family was the cause of great grief to me. I thought and prayed much about it in secret. I was impressed that I should take up the cross, read the Scriptures and pray aloud with the family, consisting of grandfather, Aunt Lizzie, Sister Emma and myself, every night before retiring.

The cross seemed greater than I could bear. I thought I might possibly read and pray with the family when no one else was present, but travellers often stopped for the night, frequently neighboring children came home with us from school to spend the night. But worst of all I had an uncle William living in the South who generally paid us a visit once a year, usually spending about a week. He was to me at that time about the most important personage in the land, and devotedly as I loved him I

shuddered at the thought of undertaking to conduct family worship in his presence.

I tried hard to throw the matter off of my mind, going many times to the barn-loft and to the woods to pray about it, always coming back to the house more deeply impressed than before that I ought to introduce family worship in the home. Finally it occurred to me to make a compromise by kneeling down by my grandfather just before retiring and engaging in silent prayer. This I did for several nights, but I could not find satisfaction to my soul in it. As the days went by I was becoming desperate. Prayers seemed to do me no good, and my peace was waning, and my faith weakening. I spent much time reading the Scriptures, and finally one afternoon selected a short psalm and placed a mark in the book so that I could find it easily if I should determine to undertake to pray. When supper was over I went to a fence corner in the yard and wrestled in prayer for grace and strength to erect the family altar that night. I walked up and down the fence praying first in this and then in that corner until it seemed that my soul's salvation depended on my taking up the cross that very night, so I hurried in, and setting a lamp upon the table got the Bible and turned to the short psalm I had marked :

"You must not read any more to-night, you have read so much of late it is making you nervous," said my grandfather. "I will only read one psalm," was my answer. "Very well," said he. So I read and closing the book said: "Let us pray" The family were frightened, but all dropped on their knees in a hurry. The Lord gave me a wonderful blessing that night. I wept and rejoiced and came up from my knees with a victory over Satan, which has stood me in good hand during the passing years.

The very next night after our first prayer in the family, two cousins went home with us from school to spend the night. After supper I repaired to my secret place of prayer in the yard, and there gathered strength for the more public service at the fireside. When travellers stopped for the night my grandfather would always say to them: "We have worship here; if you like you may remain with us." They always remained. My Southern uncle came, but I had grown somewhat stronger by that time, and so went forward without hesitation. I was grieved when I found that he would not kneel, but remained sitting in his chair while we were on our knees.

When grandfather died, and we broke up housekeeping a little later on and were separated, while I was living about from place to place, and working for first one person and then another, with little or no spiritual influence about me, I grew very cold, and at one time was at the point to surrender all effort to retain my Christian experience. I was lying on an empty box in the barnyard of the farmer I was laboring for, looking up toward the heavens, thinking the matter over, and saying to myself: "I am not living right, and I will not be a hypocrite, so I had best just surrender all pretensions to religion." But just then the gracious Spirit brought vividly before my mind the old leather back Bible, the little table and the lamp where I used to read and pray night and morning. The memory of the many blessings I had received there, and the peace and happiness of the life I was then living, came rushing in upon me and chased my temptation away. I was greatly refreshed and encouraged to press on, and so I am pressing on to this good day.

The victories won over Satan in boyhood count for much in the more severe conflicts of after life.

IV. MY PENTECOST.

I HAD a very bright Christian experience, for several years after my conversion, and had I met with sanctified people, or heard the doctrine of perfect love preached, I am confident I would have sought the experience without hesitation.

I deeply regret that I did not at this period in my Christian life hear some such men as Dr. Godbey, Dr. Carradine, or Bro. Robinson preach this blessed truth. As time passed my zeal somewhat abated, and I frequently fell into sin, but repented so soon as I became conscious of my wrongdoings, and would not cease to pray until restored to the favor of my Lord.

The community in which I spent my boyhood was made up of a God-fearing people, and my most intimate associates were Christians. I was regular in attendance at Sabbath school and preaching, read the Scriptures with delight, and was often in secret prayer. Immediately after my conversion I took an active part in revival work, going in to the audience to seek souls, instructing penitents at the altar, and pray-

ing often in public. I also erected an altar of prayer in the home of my grandfather, where I lived and conducted worship night and morning.

Notwithstanding all this I had a quick temper and often became angry. I also frequently indulged in levity to such excess that I suffered sorrow and shame in my heart, weeping and praying for forgiveness and grace to control both my evil temper and my disposition to levity, but made poor headway.

All this time I felt clearly impressed that I must preach the gospel, and about six years after my conversion was licensed to preach, and commenced at once, when opportunity offered, to proclaim the word of life. The Lord set his seal to my ministry from the first, and I soon saw souls converted.

About the time I was licensed to preach Rev. George O. Barnes came to Kentucky and attracted much attention preaching the "Higher Life."

He was one of the most interesting speakers I ever heard. A man of superior education and refinement, wide travel and varied experiences. He was graceful in manner and saintly in appearance. His face seemed to have the light of heaven in it, and his voice was mellow and musical

with a love that won the multitudes to admire and love him.

His doctrines were a strange mixture of free grace, predestination, final perseverance, the higher life and Universalism.

"God is love and nothing else" was his motto. Thousands of people in the church and out of it, made a profession of faith in Christ under his ministry. There seemed to be no conviction for sin, no repentance, no reformation, no regeneration, no baptisms, no joining of the churches, nothing but a passionate love for "Bro. Barnes and a profession of faith in Christ." Mixed up with his other teachings was the doctrine of the "Higher Life," or sanctification. Many people got deeply interested in this phase of his teachings, and I heard much of a life without sinning, of abiding peace and rest with perfect resignation and constant joy. Having been soundly converted and very well established in the first principles of Methodist doctrine, I rejected Bro. Barnes, and all of his teachings together.

Widespread apostacy followed his revivals. It seemed that his seed fell upon stony ground, sprung up at once, but perished for want of root. All of this strongly prejudiced me against the doctrine of sanctification.

Looking back, I believe that Bro. Barnes was a pure man, enjoying the experience of perfect love, and I have no doubt quite a number of persons in Kentucky were led out into the experience of full salvation under his ministry, and are abiding in this experience to this day. But at the time I was prejudiced against the doctrine, by whatever name called, and while I frequently met with those in the experience, and delighted to hear them sing, or pray, or speak, yet I somehow got into my head the notion that they claimed that they had reached a place in the religious life where they could not be tempted, could not commit sin, and had reached a point of such absolute perfection that it was impossible for them to grow in grace.

I had gotten the idea of *purity* and *maturity* badly mixed in my mind, and had false and exaggerated notions of maturity. I thought that those who professed sanctification, professed maturity, a maturity beyond which there could be no advancement, and from which there could be no fall. I think Mr. Barnes almost taught this; at least at the time I thought this was his teaching, and rejected it, not without indignation.

The war had closed. The excitement and strife of readjustment was over.

The real estate craze in which many cities had been built on paper, had swept over the South, leaving many old fields laid off in lots, and foundries, and factories half built, to rust and fall into decay, and at last after a quarter of a century of excitement and unrest, there came a lull, and the people had time to read, and think, and pray. Wesley's sermons were brought down from garrets. Here and there a copy of "Hester Ann Rogers," or the "Plain Account," was brought out from some old box or shelf, and read with wonder and delight. The revival fires of the modern holiness movement were being kindled in Georgia, Kentucky, and other States in the South. One would frequently hear mentioned in connection with the subject of entire sanctification, the names of Dr. Lovick Pierce, Rev. W. B. Godbey, Rev. B. A. Cundiff and Rev. W. A. Dodge.

Rev. W. S. Grinstead, of the Kentucky Conference, and Rev. J. S. Keen, of the Louisville Conference, professed entire sanctification, received instantaneously by faith. I loved and revered these good men, but I felt there was a mistake somewhere. The whole matter of the remains of sin, or the carnal mind and its crucifixion, seemed strange and intangible to me. I could not understand or get hold of it.

I had just come home from Vanderbilt University, where I had spent one school year. I loved Christ and longed for souls, and had the revival spirit. The brethren called me in every direction. The Lord gave us revivals everywhere. I was stationed in the Eleventh Street M. E. Church, South, at Covington, Ky. The church prospered, and I went out to help the brethren in meetings. Great revivals followed in quick succession in Lexington, Winchester and Paris. No church could hold the congregations. Hundreds of dollars were thrust into my hands, a handsome gold watch was presented me by young converts, and it seemed to me that I was in no need of a "*second blessing*." All I seemed to need was a church large enough to hold my congregations and altar room for the scores of penitents who everywhere hastened to the altars for prayer. Although I was a happy man, on looking back I now see that there was a shallowness in my spiritual life, and much in my thoughts and desires, which was very inconsistent, and would have cut me off from the Lord altogether but for His amazing mercy and long suffering. There are always flatterers for every public speaker. Some speak indiscreetly out of real love and admiration. Others will praise you to your face and

criticise you at your back. I had my share of both of these varieties and was hurt in my spiritual life by them.

I believed myself to be perfectly sincere. If I had ambition, and I had, it was not for office in the church, or rulership over men. I loved men, and desired to save them, and have their friendship and love; but I had no desire to rule them. My ambition soared far above such offices as that of Presiding Elder or Bishop. These things looked small to me. To be a mighty preacher of the Word was my desire. There was far more selfishness in these desires of mine than I knew of at the time, and I was startled and surprised when all the depth of my heart was laid open to me.

About this time I was much in company with Rev. Horace Cockrill. He was a thoughtful, serious, honest man. He would ofttime rebuke me for my disposition to levity, and I loved him for it. He was seeking after perfect love, had much to say of John Wesley, the "Plain Account of Christian Perfection," and frequently warned and exhorted me.

I would say, "Cockrill, I had a powerful conversion; I live a happy life, and God gives me souls all the time. I am not all that I ought to be, and must be, but I am

growing in grace, and will come to the perfect man in due time." And truly I did love the Lord Jesus. I loved the poor and outcast. I could work and pray for the salvation of the most unworthy and sinful. I had no feeling of hatred, envy or jealousy toward any one. I believed myself to be one of the happiest men walking the earth.

But at that very time there were secret thoughts and imaginations hidden away in my heart, which I should have blushed with shame to have my most intimate friend know. And although I think I went for many months, possibly years, without bitter anger, I had lurking in me a volcano of evil temper, which would leap into a consuming flame in a moment, if I thought anyone proposed to trample upon what I thought were sacred personal rights. I cannot say that I was free from occasional actual sin. Often I had occasion to repent, and weep, and pray, for the restoration of the peace of justification. Not that I was guilty of any gross sins, but there were lapses, and inconsistencies. When I would do good, evil was present with me. I delighted in the law of God after the inward man (the new man, the regenerated man); but I found another law in my members warring against the law of my mind.

My heart was in my work, but there was uncleanness in my heart. While the regenerating grace of God enabled me to hold under and restrained the evil that lurked within; the seeds of it were there, and could only be kept from springing into rank and ruinous growth by watchfulness and prayer.

Human nature shrinks from admitting that the pen-picture of man's moral pollution, drawn by an inspired hand in Gal. 5 : 19-20-21, is a true representation of the inner life, but in these searching words the Holy Ghost makes no mistake. To be sure the things described in the Scriptures referred to, do not reign in the regenerate, but the seed of them do remain.

Bro. Cockrill wrote me that he had received entire sanctification, that it was just as distinct as his regeneration, and that it had brought him an abiding peace and joy that he had never known before. This deeply interested, and I must say troubled me. I had no doubt Cockrill had been blessed. I reasoned that up to this time he had been merely a church member, that he had reformed his outward life and had been a seeker, and now he had been converted, or that he had unconsciously lost the Spirit and drifted away from God, and he had now been reclaimed, and

thought he had received something new, when really it was the restoration of a lost salvation, or the clear witness of his acceptance. Meanwhile Bro. Cockrill and myself were corresponding, and I was coming to believe that he had received something I did not possess, and there was coming into my heart the feeling and resolution, "if Cockrill has it, it is for me, and I must have it too."

Long my heart had hungered and thirsted after righteousness, and many times I had wrestled with the Lord in prayer for something, I knew not what. Now my desires and prayers were beginning to take definite shape.

I was at this time stationed in The Highlands, just across the river from Cincinnati, back of Newport. Rev. J. H. Young was assisting me in a meeting in my church. My heart was greatly drawn out in prayer, both for my people and for myself. At the church, in my room, in the orchard, and on the river cliffs, I was pouring out my heart to God for a blessing on my soul, and a revival in my church. I had a sweet sense of acceptance and peace in my heart.

One day during the meeting Dr. Young and myself went to Bro. William Southgate's to dinner. Bro. Southgate came in from Newport just before dinner and

handed me a letter. It was from Bro. Cockrill. I supposed he was writing on his favorite theme, one in which I was becoming deeply interested. I excused myself, and going out into the hall read the letter. As I read it the scales fell from my eyes. My mind fully grasped the doctrine of instantaneous sanctification. I saw it was for me, and wept for joy.

It seemed that a conversation, like the following, went on in my breast: "I know I am God's child, but I am not a holy child, but He wants me to be holy, and I cannot make myself so, but He can make me holy, and He will." The whole matter seemed clear to me as a sunburst. I longed to hasten to the place where I was boarding, and prostrate myself at the feet of Jesus and say to Him, Sanctify me wholly. I had no doubt of his doing it.

After dinner I excused myself, and leaving Dr. Young and Bro. Southgate, started for home.

I stopped at five different houses along the avenue and had prayer with the inmates, and at each place we had a melting time.

When I reached home my heart was in a gracious state, and I hurried up to my room expecting to be sanctified. I had no thought of doubt about the matter.

"It is God's will; it is His work; now is the time, and my whole heart desires it; it will now be done." This was my thought as I ran up the steps to my room.

When I opened the door Dr. Young was sitting in my room; he had passed down the avenue while I was praying with some family, and had come in ahead of me. I was disappointed on seeing him, for it was my desire to be alone with Jesus.

I sat down upon a divan, and Dr. Young said: "Morrison, I think I had as well go home; we are not going to have a revival here."

"No, no," I said, "you must not think of it. I have visited and prayed with five families since dinner, and they were in tears. The Lord is at work graciously, and the meeting must go on. Dr. Young, the power of God is all over this hill," and throwing up my hands I said, "Doctor, I feel the power of God here in this room right now."

At that instant the Holy Ghost fell upon me. I fell over on the divan utterly helpless. It seemed as if a great hand had taken hold upon my heart, and was pulling it out of my body. Dr. Young ran across the room and caught me in his arms, and called aloud, but I could not answer. Several moments must have passed, when it

seemed to me as if a ball of fire fell on my face, the sensation at my heart ceased, and I cried out, "*Glory to God!*" Dr. Young dropped me, and I walked the floor feeling as light as a feather.

The Doctor said, "Morrison, what do you mean? You frightened me fearfully. I thought you were dying."

"It was the Lord working with me," I answered. I had received my Pentecost.

It was without doubt the Baptism with the Holy Ghost, and I felt my heart was cleansed from all sin.

I had a strong impression to tell Dr. Young and Bro. Taliaferro's family, where I was boarding, what had occurred, but something suggested that "*you should not profess but live holiness*"

"Say nothing about it, but live such a consistent devout life that you will impress people that you are filled with the Spirit."

I was untaught with regard to the experience, having read but little on the subject, had only heard one sermon on the subject, and did not understand that one. I determined to go forward, living devout and true, but saying nothing of what had occurred.

It was the mistake of my life. It was ignorance on my part, but I paid dearly for it.

Within three months the new power which had come into my life had all gradually leaked out, and I became painfully conscious of a great loss. After some seeking and neglecting I finally set myself to recover what I had lost or to die in the attempt.

I ate but little for fifteen days and nights, but fasted and called on the Lord. I shall not undertake to detail to the reader here what I passed through, of darkness, doubt and discouragement. The Lord tried me, and found the evil way in me. Satan tempted me sorely, and I was tossed about between many hopes and fears. In my struggle I fainted three times one day (a thing which never occurred before or since) and the friends had a doctor with me. No one knew aught of the conflict which was passing in my breast. I was at the time pastor of the M. E. Church South, in Danville, Ky. I was willing to surrender all, to suffer anything, but I felt that to profess entire sanctification was improper and a great mistake. I had no teaching.

The doctor pronounced my trouble nervous prostration and prescribed this and that. I kept my secret and struggled on. The Spirit gave me a view of the corruption of the human heart, and

a conception of the wickedness of sin I had never had before. He gave me a view of all my past life, and a glimpse into the future which made my soul to shudder, and God forbid I should forget.

One morning, while on my knees reading the letter to the Laodicean Church, just as I came to these words: "*As many as I love I rebuke and chasten.*" The Spirit came back in sanctifying power. I leaped and shouted aloud for joy, and picked up my hat and hastened to tell a friend of my victory, but made up my mind on the way that I must not profess *sanctification*.

I went out and talked to my friend, told him "*I had received a great blessing.*" While we talked the joy subsided.

I was at a great loss to know the cause. I now understand perfectly why it was.

I should have professed the experience clearly and boldly, and let the Lord take care of the consequences. But in my ignorance I thought it would greatly offend the people, destroy my influence and work the hurt of the church.

It was not fear that hindered me, but want of knowledge. I have wished a thousand times since that I had had a teacher to tell me what to do. My experience and observation is that those who do

not testify soon lose the experience of full salvation.

I soon realized that I had suffered loss, that my experience was not satisfactory. I lived a much higher life in every regard than prior to this time, read the Scriptures, prayed much and preached with greater earnestness. The Lord gave me fruit, and at times I was in a state of peace and joy, but my experience was vacillating.

Meanwhile the holiness movement was making headway, and I attended several conventions, fully believed the doctrine, and went to the altar many times, and was in this way a seeker for about three years. I passed through some great trials, and some sore temptations. There was a demand for my services. I was stationed at the State capital; associated with the other pastors of the city as Chaplain in the Legislature and Senate, came in touch with lawyers, statesmen and great preachers, so-called at least. Camp-meetings and city churches called for my help in revival work, and much was said to me about the pastorate of some of the largest churches of my denomination. A large and wealthy church of another conference selected me for their pastor, and sent a young lawyer, with whom I had been intimate when a student at Vanderbilt, to ask me to come

and take charge. The Bishop consented to appoint me to the work, and thus my mind was diverted with many things.

Ambition clothed itself in the deceitful robe of promises of great usefulness, and so I was tossed about.

“I can see far down the valley
Where I wandered many years.
Often hindered in my journey
By the ghosts of doubts and fears.”

I entered the Evangelistic work, and commenced the publishing of a holiness paper, with my mind fully made up to devote my life to the spread of the doctrine of full salvation.

I was a seeker, and urged others to seek for instantaneous sanctification. Some were wholly sanctified in almost every meeting I held. I rejoiced with them and pressed on.

At times it seemed as if I could reach out and grasp “*perfect love*,” and again it seemed far away.

Something more than three years had passed since the loss of my experience at Danville because of a failure to testify. I was now fully awake to the importance of testimony and willing to speak, if only my heart could again feel the full assurance of perfect love. I was conducting a meeting in a large city church.

A number of souls were entering into Canaan. There was great peace in my own heart. A delightful calm settled upon my spiritual being. I searched for sin and found none. All appeared white within. There was no ecstasy, but a sense of purity. With this feeling I arose one morning and said, "I want to testify that the blood of Christ sanctifies my heart from all sin." Immediately, even before all of these words were out of my mouth, my cup ran over, and I rejoiced and praised God that the abiding comforts had returned. From that day to this I have not failed to give my testimony to full salvation.

My heart has warmed to-day as I have written these lines, and I take fresh courage to press forward in the highway of holiness,

Outside of the all-atoning blood of Christ I have no hope, but through its precious merit I claim for myself, and preach to others, full salvation.

Something more than a decade of years have passed away since I was enabled to proclaim *the great transaction done*, and by His grace I feel that I am rooted and grounded in this precious truth. There is much more for my soul, a greater depth of love and joy, much land yet to be explored and possessed.

Looking backward I see many mistakes and short-comings, but the past is under the blood.

I shall always deeply regret that I did not testify fully when I first received the cleansing.

Had good John Bunyan never passed through deep soul struggle, he could not have written "The Pilgrim's Progress." My conflict was a long and bitter one, but I came forth with some lessons I could not have learned in any other school. These lessons have been invaluable to me in teaching others the importance of a clear testimony to entire sanctification.

My only boast is in Jesus Christ. I have found Him mighty to save to the uttermost, and to keep in perfect peace.


The desire of my heart is more of His love, the one central thought, and purpose of my life is to proclaim salvation full and free, for all men, from all sin, by simple faith in the blood of Jesus Christ. Amen.



V.

A SERMON.

“And thou, Solomon, my son, know thou the God of thy father, and serve him with a perfect heart and with a willing mind; for the Lord searcheth all hearts, and understandeth all the imaginations of the thoughts: If thou seek him, he will be found of thee; but if thou forsake him, he will cast thee off forever.”—*I Chron. 28 : 9.*

ING David's superior musical talent secured for him an early introduction to the public, and while he was yet a youth he immortalized himself on the field of battle by slaying Goliath of Gath, the champion of the Philistine army. Immediately after this remarkable feat he was made an officer in King Saul's army, and a little later was raised to the highest social position by being given in marriage the daughter of the King.

Thus we see that step by step, in rapid succession, David was raised from one of the most humble, to one of the most exalted, positions in the kingdom. And just at this juncture the wheel of fortune seemed to be reversed in his case.

When Saul returned with his army from the slaughter of the Philistines the young women went out to meet and congratulate their victorious countrymen, and they sang

songs of praise to their heroes. Among other things they sang, saying, "Saul hath slain his thousands and David his tens of thousands."

When Saul heard them giving ten times as much praise to David as they gave to himself he became envious of David, and that envy ripened into a bitter jealousy, which made Saul a murderer. In fact he made several attempts on David's life, going from bad to worse, until, forsaken of God and deserted by his people, he fell upon his own sword and committed suicide.

The young women, who sang the song in thoughtless mirth, did not suspect the harm they were doing. They did not desire to do harm, but acted without thinking, and great harm came of their action, and they *are* not without responsibility.

It has occurred to me that much of the harm that is done in the world is done by persons who do not intend to do harm. They simply do not stop to think. They desire money or pleasure and go to work to secure their wish, without for a moment stopping to consider what the final outcome will be, or how others will be affected.

Here is a man who wants money, and he opens up a bar-room, never stopping to think of the drunkenness, poverty and suf-

fering of women and helpless children, of the ruined lives and lost souls which must be the inevitable result.

Here is a woman with her heart set on pleasure, and she decorates her home, illuminates it, and brings into it a score of bright, young people to amuse themselves at cards, without for one moment thinking of the evil seed she is sowing, of the curse of the gambling habit which has its beginning in what people call "innocent games," for pastime.

The thoughtless act, and word and song will at last come home freighted with death and the doom of immortal souls. The thoughtless creatures who sang their songs of flattery to David may never know, can never know, what woe their mirth hath wrought until they meet it at the judgment. *Thoughtlessness is sinfulness.*

We shall not here undertake to follow David through the trials and flights and hardships which the thoughtless song inaugurated. It is a thrilling story. When he fled into the land of Gath, he found the mischief-making song had gotten there ahead of him, and it drove him into the caves of the mountains.

I must remark, in passing, that David in all his trials showed toward his enraged and jealous king that magnanimity and for-

givenness which Christ afterward preached. He taught us to withhold our hand from those who would destroy us, and that left alone, they will, in the end, destroy themselves.

Poor, miserable Saul ! Finally, with his own hand, he put into his own heart the sword he had carried for David.

To be severely tried does not mean that we are God-forsaken. "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth."

In the midst of sore trials and deep humiliations, men learn how to be exalted, and yet to maintain the spirit of meekness, mercy and love. God prepared David in exile to be a king, and in due time brought him forth to reign over Israel. David had fought his battles, won his victories, and was putting his house in order for the great change which must soon come to us all. He was delivering his last charge to his people, "Keep and seek for all the commandments of the Lord your God that ye may possess this good land, and leave it for an inheritance for your children after you forever." Israel's title deed to the good land was obedience to God. To disobey meant the loss of the land.

David had given Solomon his throne, sceptre and crown, but these were but temporal things. He was deeply solicitous for

his spiritual welfare. Hence the exhortation in the text, "Know thou the God of thy father, and serve Him with a *perfect heart* and with a willing mind."

Notice, the king says, "*Know God.*" There is a wide difference between knowing *about* God, and *knowing* Him. All men know about Him, comparatively few men *know* Him. Men may know about Him by observing His handiwork.

The mountains, the rivers, and the stars tell us about him. But Jesus said, "No man knoweth the Father save the Son and he to whom the Son will reveal Him." Again Christ said, "I am the way, the truth and the life, no man cometh to the Father but by me."

I am persuaded that in the churches to-day there are multitudes of people who have heard of God, they know something of Him from mere hearsay, but they have no personal acquaintance with Him. The Son has not revealed the Father to them. They have never felt that deep soul-thrill that comes to every one who meets with God, and makes peace with Him.

If there are such persons in this audience let them seek for Him, for He has said, "In the day thou seekest me with the whole heart I will be found of thee."

Then come, my friend, thou who hast

othing but thy professions and forms and ceremonies and thine own works, "Salvation is of the Lord." "All your righteousness is filthy rags."

Hasten to Jesus, who will bring you to the Father, and you will "find rest to your soul." "If thou seek Him," said David to Solomon, "He will be found of thee."

Samuel's language to Israel is appropriate, both to those church members who have never been truly regenerated, and to those who once knew the Lord but have wandered away from Him.

"If ye do return to the Lord with all your hearts, then put away the strange gods and Ashtaroth from among you, and prepare your hearts unto the Lord, and serve Him only."

You notice that the text does not say serve Him and know Him, but, *know Him, and serve Him*. First, God must be known before He can be served. Those who simply know about Him can not serve Him acceptably. Those who really know Him, serve Him with delight.

Notice the exhortation, "*And serve Him.*" Religion is not a mere profession, neither is it the careful observance of certain forms and ceremonies. It is the *service* of God, and that service must be with a *perfect* heart and a willing mind. The

advocates of *Christian imperfection* will readily admit that if David had said to Solomon "*Serve Him with an imperfect heart and an unwilling mind,*" the language would have been quite out of harmony with the whole tenor and spirit of the Scriptures. And yet this seems to be that for which they contend, inconsistent and unscriptural as it is.

I wish to impress upon your minds the fact that he does not say serve him with a perfect *head* or a perfect *service*, but a perfect *heart*.

And there is a wide difference between the two.

Our *heads* will not be *perfect* in wisdom in this life, but our *hearts may be perfect in love*.

The heart may be *perfect* in *love* and the service very poor, and yet perfectly acceptable.

I once returned home from a long journey, and my children gave me a very hearty welcome. One of the little boys stood before me, his face beaming with love and happiness. I said "Son, can you bring father a drink of water?" He ran across the room to the table, and tip-toeing to reach the pitcher, he lifted it from the table, spilling some of the water. He poured water into the glass until it overflowed, and then, with

two of his little fingers in the glass he hastened to me, with the pitcher in one hand and the glass in the other, pouring water from both of them as he came. I drank the water and thanked him, to his great delight. The service was imperfect, but his *love was perfect*, and I was delighted with the little fellow's effort to serve his father.

So it is in the kingdom of heaven. God looks at the heart. He judges the act by the heart. The poor widow who cast into the treasury only two mites had a love and devotion in her heart, which made her little gift of more value in the sight of God than all the gold offerings of the wealthy, who gave not of love, but to be seen of men.

God would be served with a "*perfect heart and a willing mind.*"

"He searcheth all hearts and understandeth the imaginations of the thoughts." He cannot be deceived. Our sermons might be eloquent, our songs enchanting, our gifts large, and our service elegantly in harmony with the best taste; but God searcheth the heart. It is a pure, devoted heart that pleases Him—a heart from sin set free.

Many people, in their thought of the doctrine of Christian perfection, get *purity* and *maturity* mixed. They get the idea that Christian perfection means a maturity be-

yond which there can be no growth or progress—a kind of *infallibility*. This is not it at all. Christian perfection is purity of heart, it is perfection of love to God and His creatures; sin is all cleansed away; the character becomes stronger; wisdom increases; the heart is enlarged with love, and the soul grows in all the Christian graces.

It is well expressed in that beautiful hymn :

“ Oh for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free ;
A heart that always feels Thy blood
So freely spilt for me.

“ A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer’s throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

“ A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine ;
Perfect and right, and pure and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine.”

Through the blood of Christ such a heart is possible, for “the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin.”

It is no longer a question of Divine power. Nothing is impossible with God, and to him, that believeth, all things are possible. The Almighty hand which built this uni-

verse, the infinite intelligence and boundless love which created man, has undertaken his redemption, and "He is able to save to the uttermost."

"If thou seek Him He will be found of thee." Found of thee, able to answer that prayer of St. Paul; "And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray God your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ." (II Thes. 5:23).

Do not question His will, "for this is the will of God, even your sanctification."

Do not question the efficacy of Jesus' blood, "for the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin."

Seek Him. Seek Him now with all your heart, for an entire cleansing from all sin.

"If thou forsake Him, He will cast thee off forever."

This would be a curse too bitter to contemplate. To be cast off from God, to be driven from His presence, to go out into the bottomless abyss of an ever deepening and unending night.

This must not be, my friends. Come, seek the Lord, and seek Him now. To the sinner He will give a perfect pardon, and in the believer he will work a perfect cleansing. Amen.

VI. CRUCIFIXION.

"Grant unto us that we may sit, one on thy right hand and the other on thy left hand, in thy glory."—*Mark 10:37.*



JAMES AND JOHN were among the first of the twelve to follow Christ, and they were two of the most faithful men of that little company. James afterward became prominent in the church at Jerusalem, and finally sealed his devotion to his Master with a martyr's death.

We find no character portrayed in all the sacred volume more beautiful than that of John, the beloved. In thinking of John it will be well to remember that he was as courageous as he was affectionate. He was more modest than Peter, and made no rash vows, but when the testing time came, he followed his Master to Pilate's judgment hall, and went and stood by the Cross on which he died. A man need not be a rash or rough man in order to be a brave man. The truest hearts are those that are *both tender and fearless.*

James and John were Christian men, they believed Christ was the Messiah, they

loved him, and they left all their possessions to follow him. But their prayer contained in the text, revealed the fact that they had not yet been saved from all selfishness—they had not received the fiery baptism of Pentecost which purified the heart from all sin.

It was their purpose to use their intimate relationship with Jesus, to secure from him for themselves the chiefest seats in his kingdom. The matter was pre-arranged—they displayed some shrewdness—they plan first to get a pledge from their Lord, and then to make their request. They took their mother into their secret, and hoped to be helped by her influence in securing their end.

These ambitious desires and selfish prayers of James and John arose out of their misunderstanding of Christ and his mission in the world, and the true nature of his kingdom. They believed he would set up a civil government in the world, would break the Roman yoke and “restore Israel”—that he would inaugurate a reign of power and glory that would eclipse with its magnificence the reign of Solomon, and they wanted the chiefest seats in that kingdom. They had gross material notions of Jesus and his mission on earth. The Holy Ghost had not yet taken of the things of Christ and revealed them unto the dis-

ciples. They were not in condition to make proper estimates. They had put too small an estimate upon Christ and too large an estimate upon themselves. The Lord Jesus was far greater than they supposed, and his kingdom was vaster than their highest conceptions.

The disciples were slow to learn the greatness of their Lord and the true nature of his kingdom. All men learn slowly here. Men make false estimates and attach imaginary values to material things because they fail to understand Christ and his kingdom.

No man can call Jesus, Lord, but by the Holy Ghost. When the Spirit flashes the light in upon the intellect and heart, when he, who shall teach us all things, reveals to us the Christ, fairest among ten thousand, the one altogether lovely, then, and not till then, are we prepared to make estimates correctly.

When Christ is enthroned in the heart, when the intellect and affections comprehend, and crown him lord of all, then the chiefest seat is at his feet, and the highest happiness is found in his loving service. Then all selfish ambitions are swept away, and we no longer seek to use Christ for our own advancement, but we seek to be of use

to Christ for the advancement of his kingdom and his glory.

In the childhood of Christian experience, God's children often ask and receive not, because they ask amiss, that they may consume it upon their pleasure. Like James and John, men come to the Lord seeking, not death to self, and the world, but elevation and self-aggrandizement. So depraved and conceited is the carnal man, that he would gladly use the mercy and omnipotence of Christ, if it were possible, to get for himself a conspicuous place or chief seat in the synagogue.

How often might Jesus say, and in his word does say to many of those who come to him in prayer, "Ye ask, ye know not what." James and John came to their Lord seeking after glorification, but at once He calls their attention to *Crucifixion*. After rebuking them for their ignorance and ambition, he asked them, "Can ye drink of the cup that I drink of? and be baptized with the baptism that I am baptized with?" And they said unto him, "*We can.*" They did not fully understand what his *baptism* and his *cup* meant, but they were ready to go forward even though they walked in the dark.

These men had in their hearts a *mixture of good and evil*. The Isaac of spiritual

life had been born in them, but the *Ishmael of carnal death* had not yet been cast out of them. "He that was born after the flesh persecuted him that was born after the Spirit."

James and John had grace enough to leave all and follow Jesus, but directly the carnal selfishness which was in them began to assert itself, and they were seeking advantage, and yet when the test was put to them by their Lord, as to whether or not they could receive his baptism and drink his cup, at once they answered, "*We can.*" "And Jesus said unto them, Ye shall indeed drink of the cup that I drink of and with the baptism that I am baptized, withal shall ye be baptized. But to sit on my right hand and on my left hand is not mine to give; but it shall be given them for whom it is prepared."

We call attention to the fact that Jesus said, "Ye shall." He did not say ye can, or may, or should, but he said, "*Ye shall indeed* drink of the cup that I drink of, and with the baptism that I am baptized withal shall ye be baptized."

Fix that word "*shall*" in your mind. This *cup* and *baptism* is an absolutely necessary part in the program of religious experience.

So certain as *birth* is necessary in order

to bring the *new* spiritual life into the soul, *crucifixion* is necessary in order to take *the old carnal life* out of the soul.

The same Christ who said, "*Ye must be born again,*" said, "*Ye shall drink my cup and be baptized with my baptism.*" This *must*, and *shall*, of our Lord must stand or fall together, and together they can not fall.

The new life *must* come in, the old life *shall* go out.

When our Lord spoke here of his cup and baptism, he referred to his humiliation and crucifixion. In Luke 12: 50, Jesus says, "But I have a baptism to be baptized with, and how am I straitened till it be accomplished." When Peter smote Malchus with his sword, and cut off his ear, "Jesus said unto Peter, put up thy sword into the sheath: the cup which my Father hath given me shall I not drink it?"

Then it is understood that to take his cup, and be baptized with his baptism, is to follow him in humiliation to the cross of crucifixion of the carnal nature, selfishness, that *body* of *indwelling* sin.

"Our Old Man is crucified with him, that the body of sin might be destroyed," says the apostle Paul in Romans 6: 6.

When the great apostle says in Galatians 2: 20, "I am crucified with Christ,"

he does not wish us to understand that his physical body has been nailed on a cross, but he would teach us that his carnal nature, the Old Man, the body of sin, has been put to death, he has been *sanctified wholly* from sin. He had "crucified the flesh . . . with the affections and lusts."

Regeneration is the introduction of the new *life* into the soul, sanctification is the death of the *old nature*, and its eradication from the soul.

In the scriptures the first is presented to us in the figure of *birth*, and the second in the figure of *crucifixion* or *death*.

So certain as our Lord went down into Gethsemane, and there in prayer and agony cried out, "Not mine, but thy will be done;" so must all his followers find a Gethsemane, and in it they must have complete victory over all selfishness. At the altar of a consecration where no part of the price is kept back, they must say, "*not mine, but thy will be done.*"

As he was forsaken of all men, so must we be willing to give up our place of respectability in society, and as he died among thieves, we must so die to all selfish preference that we will be willing to *live* and labor among thieves and outcasts for our Lord's sake.

As in the time of his agony they pressed

vinegar mingled with gall to his lips, so must we expect and be willing to taste of the bitterest cup of sorrow that human hate can concoct. We must submit in meek silence to see Barabbas lionized while we are crucified. And as on the Cross they pierced his side, and his silence when the spear entered in, proved to those who pierced him that he was dead, so we must die so dead that the spear of hate and the arrow of sarcasm can be received without developing a manifestation of carnal life; and as our Lord was buried out of sight, so we must be willing to disappear from the place of honor, in the councils of the Church, and the social circles where once we were welcome guests. Separated from old associations and past ambitions as if we were buried from the world.

Thus "Ye shall take of His cup, and be baptized with his baptism." Thus must the carnal nature die until we can say with the Apostle Paul, in Gal. 2: 20, I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live: yet not I, but Christ liveth in me; and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave himself for me.

If we would awake in His likeness, then "we must be conformed unto the image of His Son," *nom*. That he might save us,

“it behooved him to be made like unto his brethren. . . . Forasmuch then as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, he also himself took part of the same, that through death he might destroy him that had the power of death.” Jesus Christ came to us through death, *and we must go to him through death* to all of carnal self. *The Cross will transfigure us.*

It is one thing to profess sanctification, and it is another thing to follow Jesus to the garden of sorrow, to the hall of injustice and hatred, to the Cross of shame and cruelty and to the grave of silent obscurity. And then after the carnal mind is crucified, and cast out, His cup of sorrow we still must take.

The great apostle says, “I die daily.” The carnal nature was dead, the body of sin destroyed, but now there must be in the soul made pure such a constant denial of the world, its vain pursuits, its sinful friendships and its luxuriant allurements, such a constant endurance of cross-bearing, of misunderstanding, and persecution, that St. Paul calls it a daily death.

Christ was not hated and crucified by the world because he had sin in him. It was his *purity* that made the church and the world hate him. This world is a fallen world, and purity is a *stranger* and a *pil-*

grim passing through, and the blood of millions of martyrs leaves testimony that purity cannot pass through this world unmolested.

"The disciple is not above his Master, nor the servant above his lord." . . "If they have called the master of the house Beelzebub, how much more shall they call him of his household." . . . "Fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul."

The crucifixion of the carnal nature is the work of the Holy Ghost. The crucifixion of the Christian, *the "Idie daily,"* is the work of the Sanhedrim and of the wicked world. The man of Galilee was "a man of sorrow, and acquainted with grief." But beneath his sorrow and grief, *there was the peace of God.*

Has our Old Man been destroyed? Has the body of sin been cast out of us? Are we following the meek and lowly Christ? Then we may expect to sip often of his cup of sorrow during our passage here. He has said, "My peace I give unto you." With that indwelling, ever abiding peace, we can endure hardness as good soldiers. Then let us go forward solacing our hearts with those good words of the apostle found

in II Cor. 4:17, "For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."



VII.

WHAT SHALL I DO WITH JESUS?



CRISIS had come in Pilate's life. The Son of God stood before him with haggard face and resigned silence, awaiting his decision. To Pilate the position was a most unpleasant one. He had the intelligence to fully comprehend the situation, but he lacked moral courage. He knew that for envy the Jews had arrested Jesus and brought him to his judgment seat. He knew that Jesus was innocent, and that justice demanded that he should be released and protected, but he feared the people. His superstitious fears had been aroused by a messenger from his wife, charging him, "Have thou nothing to do with that just man: for I have suffered many things this day in a dream because of him."

Anxious to get rid of the responsibility upon his hands, when some of the accusers of Christ made mention that he had stirred up the people, "beginning at Gali-

lee," Pilate, "as soon as he knew that he belonged to Herod's jurisdiction, sent him to Herod, who himself was at Jerusalem at that time."

But Herod, with his men of war, mocked Christ, and arraying him in gorgeous robes, sent him again to Pilate.

It was the custom of the Roman Governor to release unto the people some prisoner of their choice at the yearly feast, and it occurred to Pilate that this gave him an opportunity to get rid of Christ. There was in the prison at the time a desperado, who, for insurrection and murder, had been incarcerated; so Pilate, hardly suspecting that the Jews were so far fallen that they would choose Barabbas instead of Jesus, made them the proposition: "Whom will ye that I release unto you? Barabbas, or Jesus?" When, to his surprise, no doubt, "they cried out all at once, saying, away with this man, and release unto us Barabbas. . . . Pilate therefore, willing to release Jesus, spake again to them," "But they cried, saying, crucify him! crucify him! And he said unto them the third time, Why, what evil hath he done? I have found no cause of death in him; I will therefore chastise him, and let him go. And they were instant with loud voices requiring that he might be cru-

cified. And the voices of them and of the chief priests prevailed." "And Pilate gave sentence that it should be as they required."

Pilate's conscience condemning his action, he sought to relieve himself of responsibility, by taking "water and washing his hands before the multitude, saying, I am innocent of the blood of this just person. See ye to it."

There was no man in all the throng who looked upon that remarkable scene, who was foolish enough to believe for one moment that Pilate could wash away his responsibility or his guilt in a basin of water. It was at this juncture that the Jews reached the climax of recklessness, of scorn, and hatred of Jesus, and they said to Pilate, "His blood be on us and on our children."

They gave the cringing Pilate to understand that they were willing to bear the guilt and responsibility of putting Christ to death.

It is quite probable that Pilate would have continued to dodge and fence against the clamoring multitude had he not heard a voice cry out in the crowd, immediately followed by others, "If thou let this man go, thou art not Caesar's friend."

This cry appealed to Pilate's selfishness, and fearing a loss of prestige with Caesar,

he washed his hands, and handed over the innocent Christ to be put to death.

In this awful tragedy, distance lends no enchantment to the view, but as the centuries roll along the cruel crime enacted at Jerusalem looms up before us with ever increasing horror.

Men marvel at the cowardice and selfishness of Pilate, who knew so well his duty, but who lacked the courage to perform it, and then sought to wash the blood of his guilty transaction from his hands in a basin of water.

I must remind you just here, that it is possible to condemn Pilate for his sin, while you yourselves are repeating it.

The mercy of God surrounds men all the time. The call of the gospel to repentance rings out constantly from ten thousand voices. While on earth the divine Master laid his hands on the sparrows, and lilies, grapevines, mustard stalk, olive and fig trees, and ordained them to preach.

All truth in God's vast universe is in harmony with itself, and all truth, wherever found, admonishes men of the danger of sin, and the beauty of holiness. The man who stops his ears lest he should hear, and closes his eyes lest he should see, will awake at last to find that he has gone down to hell through a multitude of mercies that

thronged his way, at every step, offering him salvation.

It is not to be supposed that Pilate had not been confronted with the truth until the day the Son of man stood before him. He had a conscience. It was alive and active on the day he delivered Christ to the Jews. It had not been quiet all his life until that time. But that day was a climax day, an epoch in his history. Never before in person had Jesus stood before him, and never again would he stand there. Oh, Pilate, to-day is the chiefest day of all thy history. A day awful with possibilities. Thy destiny is in the balance, and thyself shalt fix it. Ah, thou hast decided. Thou hast decided against innocence, against Jesus, which is called Christ, against the Son of God, against thine own soul. This day brought the golden opportunity of eternal life, and thou hast trampled it under foot: the sun of all hope and mercy has gone down, and the dark night has set in upon thee, and that night is an *eternal night*. Sinners, I warn you, that some day out of the midst of ten thousand sins you have committed, and ten thousand mercies you have rejected, Jesus Christ will come and stand before you, and a voice will whisper within you, "What must I do with Jesus?" You may try to think it a delusion. You

may attempt to send him away with this or that excuse, but nothing will avail. He will stand there with solemn, sorrowful face and await your decision. He is standing before some of you now. This day is an epochal day in your soul's history. This hour is one that will mark your destiny for glory or despair. Immortal soul, there stands Jesus before you. What will you do with him? Will you try to shift the responsibility to some Herod? Will you chastise him with your scorn, your sneer, and your laughter, and your rejection? Will you wash your hands in the basin of some poor excuse, or will you fall at his feet with humble entreaty for the forgiveness of sins?

You will make a decision, for Jesus is waiting there. You must make a decision, for the time has come. What will you do with Jesus? Before the clocks strike the midnight hour in the church towers of this city to-night, some of you will have rendered the verdict that will fix your eternal destiny.

I must now address myself more directly to the Christian people in the audience. I must remind you that just so certainly as Jesus Christ stood before Pilate on that fatal day, his *doctrines* stand before you to-day.

Jesus was on trial then, the *truths* which he taught are on trial now.

This new century was born with the great doctrine of entire sanctification standing at the church door of every denomination of Christians—on the threshold of the soul of every believer, and it has come to stay until a decision is rendered.

This generation will not be able to get rid of the responsibility of saying whether or not the blood of Jesus Christ can cleanse from all sin.

In some form, by some name, the doctrine of full salvation has come to all Christendom. Bishops have preached it, pastors have proclaimed it, and evangelists have heralded it abroad. It has found its way into the hymnology of all the churches, it has been sown down in tracts, and published to the ends of the earth by the religious press. It has been talked over at the fireside, testified to in the great congregations, and the mails have carried it over all the seas in private correspondence. It has been disputed over in the assemblies of the churches, reasoned about in the theological seminaries, and prayed over in the closets.

Bishop Taylor told it to Africa; Amanda Smith told India about it; Pearson and Simpson proclaimed it to the Presbyterians,

and Dr. Gordon let the Baptists know; Charles Finney, A. B. Earle and Caughey spread it abroad; John Inskip, Alfred Cookman and Carradine published it to millions, and Dwight L. Moody sounded it out where the English language is spoken.

It has a beginning in China, Japan and Corea. There is a little blaze of the holy fire kindling in Cuba—it has landed in Manila. The Keswick movement is spreading it throughout Europe, and Simpson's missionaries are carrying it around the world.

The doctrine of full salvation is on our hands. The Holy Ghost is standing at the door. What will we do with Him; men may insist on silence on the subject; they may undertake to send it away from one to another, and put upon it gorgeous robes of ridicule, and taunt it with sarcasm, but here it stands in the Bible, looking the preacher full in the face while he reads his lesson, and whispers to the individual Christian in his devotions. Has God appointed and commissioned the Holy Ghost to enter into His children, cleanse the remains of sin from their hearts, and empower them for service?

Sooner or later we shall have to answer this question in the affirmative or in the negative. We will betake ourselves to our

upper room to await in prayer our Pentecost, or we will quench and grieve the Holy Spirit. Every church will open its doors to receive the Holy Ghost in His sanctifying power, or it will shut Him out, and shut up death inside.

Every individual Christian will go forward to the *fullness of the Spirit*, or backward to leanness and emptiness of soul. A climax has come in human history—an epoch in the progress of Christianity.

Jesus Christ prayed the Father to send another Comforter, who was to abide with us forever. The Holy Ghost has come; will the church receive Him, or shall it be said as of Christ, He came unto His own, and his own received Him not? When the Jewish Church under the old dispensation rejected and crucified Jesus Christ, her cup of iniquity was full. When the Christian Church, under the new dispensation, rejects the Holy Ghost, whom Christ hath sent, her cup of iniquity will be full. *Then she will have crucified the Son of God afresh, and put Him to an open shame.* The Jews could not reject the Son, whom the Father sent, and retain the Father. Christians can not reject the Holy Ghost, whom Christ hath sent, and retain the Son.

The Holy Ghost must be admitted into the church, or Christ will depart out of the

church, and the destruction of Jerusalem after she had crucified the Son of God, is only a faint type of the *tribulation and woe* that will come upon the church after that she has crucified the Son of God afresh, in the rejection of the Holy Ghost.

At the dawn of the new century the church stands face to face with a tremendous responsibility. The Holy Ghost is at the judgment seat of united Christendom. Will the rulers of the people admit Him, or will they cry out, "*away with Him!*"

This question has the pre-eminence. No other issue of importance can have a hearing until a decision is rendered in this all important case. The church can no more get rid of the responsibility resting upon her in this matter than Pilate could shift the task of deciding in the case of Jesus, which was called Christ.

Many a church council, many a great city pastor, and many an obscure preacher—yes, and many a private individual, is perplexed to-day with one question which presses home upon him: "What shall I do with the Holy Ghost?" They no doubt often put the question to themselves in another and very different form. They say, "What shall we do with this Holiness movement?" "What shall we do with these cranks?" "What shall we do with

this excitement?" "What shall we do with the sanctificationists?"

I must not fail to remind you that there is individual responsibility in this matter. A personal decision is to be made. Men would sometimes love to sink themselves into the great ocean of humanity, and shirk personal responsibility. Some men would prefer that the church decide great questions for them, while they give personal attention to things of more importance to them. They have merchandise and banks, and farms, and schools, and factories, and politics to look after. They say, "Let the church officials attend to these matters, they are appointed and paid to do it." When the Jewish Church was hunting Jesus to the death, there were those who sought Him, loved Him, and gave their all for Him. When Jerusalem was destroyed they fled to the mountains and escaped the tribulation.

Church membership does not take away individual responsibility. In the great question of full salvation each individual must decide for himself or herself.

"Wherefore Jesus also that He might sanctify the people with His own blood suffered without the gate," Can that blood sanctify you from all sin? May that blood be applied now to your heart. The Holy

Ghost is standing there by you—invisible, but there He stands awaiting your decision. May he enter in, apply the blood of Christ, cleansing away the remains of sin, abiding in you, empower you for service !

You must render a decision here, and you must render an account at the judgment bar of God hereafter.



VIII.

THE FUTURE PUNISHMENT OF THE WICKED.

My Dear Friend:—

I have received your letter in which you question the existence of a hell, a place for the confinement and torment of the finally impenitent sinner, who persists in trampling upon the law of God, rejecting His mercy and grieving His Spirit.

Your arguments have not raised a question in my mind with regard to the awful reality of a hell, but they have raised a serious question in my mind with regard to the genuineness of your own Christian character. I begin to question if you are a student of God's word and taught of His Spirit. I fear that you are without that illumination that comes to all who are born of the Spirit.

From what you say I fear you are lean in your religion, and shallow in your philosophy.

I do not think that you have presented arguments to sustain your position. What you say is more like the whine of a crimi-

nal who fears punishment than the reasoning of a sober soul, happy in the consciousness of its purity.

The same blessed Bible which teaches that there is a hell, teaches that no one need enter its fearful pits of torture. There is no hell for the man who forsakes his sins, and with faith in Christ accepts the free gift offered in the atonement.

Am I to understand that you would have sinners turned into heaven?

Do you believe that unholy men could enjoy themselves in the presence of a holy God, in the midst of holy associations and surroundings? Impossible.

You must admit that it is a question of *character*. A man's happiness in this and the world to come, depends upon what the man himself is. Happiness does not depend upon external surroundings, but upon internal conditions.

Daniel was in perfect peace in the lion's den. John was in the best of company during his exile on the Isle of Patmos. The Hebrews in the furnace of fire had the companionship of the Son of God, and walked through white heat unscorched. Good John Bunyan was in perfect peace in the Bedford Jail, and John Wesley used to fall asleep while the mobs which followed him

from church were stoning the house in which he was entertained.

The exact reverse of this is true with regard to vicious and wicked men, in palaces and mansions—they find no peace. They may secure temporary gratification for their appetites and passions, but the temporary gratification is of short duration and only feeds the devouring flame of desire into a higher, whiter heat.

Men who love themselves, and love this world, and seek after its possessions and its pleasures, neglecting God and violating His laws cannot know *peace*. They may excite themselves, and call it enjoyment. For a time they may drown their consciences with the inflow of money, and meat, and lust, and worldly pleasure. *But that is not happiness.* It is impossible for such men to enjoy heaven. They could not own corner lots and build factories and palaces there. They could not make a corner on the manna on which the angels feed, or run their automobiles over the inhabitants of the New Jerusalem. They could not have their clubs, and wines, and painted women in that holy place.

My friend, your whole reasoning is wrong. The redemption scheme is not so much to save men from *hell*, as it is to save

men from *sin*. Sin makes heaven impossible, and hell inevitable.

No man can enjoy heaven in the hereafter, who has not learned to enjoy God here.

The plan of redemption does not contemplate the undertaking to make men happy in their sins. It proposes to change men so that sin can give them no pleasure. So that their heart's desire is not heaven, but holiness. So that they will hate sin, and passion and folly of every kind and long for God, and pant after Him. So that their highest bliss will be His approval, His service, and His presence. This is the true philosophy of the plan of salvation. For such a man there is no hell, nor in the nature of things can there be. *Holiness* makes hell impossible, and *sin* makes heaven impossible. To the persistent, impenitent, hard-hearted sinner, who will not regard law, who will not hear the voice of mercy, who defies the Father, who crucifies the Son afresh, who grieves the Holy Ghost, there is coming a time when the Father will no longer entreat him; when the Son will no longer intercede for him; when the Holy Ghost will no longer strive with him.

Then, riding in the chariot of his selfishness, lashing the unbridled horses of lust,

fashion, pride, selfwill, and hatred of God and holiness, he will go plunging to hell; then to him this vast universe will be one seething, burning crater of unquenchable fire.

This is inevitable. The residents of heaven are not the petted favorites of Deity, and the lost in hell are not the unfortunate victims of arbitrary law. He has no favorites, and he has no arbitrary law.

There is a law that governs the entire moral universe. Its principles are laid in the innermost depths of every immortal intelligence.

This law governs the angels who fly in heaven, the men who walk on earth, and the lost who weep and gnash their teeth in hell. God can no more change this law, than he can change his own nature. To abolish this law would be to annihilate himself.

While God exists this universal law must exist, and while this law exists, "*the wages of sin is death,*" and "*without holiness no man shall see the Lord.*"

I beg to suggest to you that you do not waste your energies trying to change God and his laws, and to so readjust the moral universe that wicked men can escape hell, but rather devote your time and energies to the changing of wicked men. It is quite

enough that the disobedient should trample the law under their feet in this world ; they will not be permitted to do it in the next. God has some rights which must be respected. In the exercise of His rights He has fenced a planet off from sin, and declared that without holiness no man shall enter there. Would you break open the gates of the Eternal City and pour into that holy place the sinful and defiled ?

Your saying that God ought to change men and fit them for heaven is sacrilegious.

Can God change men against their wills ? Can He rob them of their free agency and make them holy while they love sin and hate holiness ?

He places before men *good* and evil, and asks them to choose. He entreats them to choose the *good*, and warns them against the *evil*. There is mercy in His law and love in His gospel.

Does not the gift of His Son for lost men stand as an eternal defense of His character against the malicious attacks of the wicked who would accuse Him of a lack of mercy ?

I note what you say of the natural abilities, the scholarship and eloquence of those popular preachers of the times who ridicule the doctrine of the future punishment of the wicked. These men with their abili-

ties, natural or acquired, have not a feather's weight with me. The fact that they are talented cuts no figure. Aaron Burr was a man of splendid talents, Voltaire had scholarship, and Robert Ingersoll was eloquent. A man may be possessed of all of these qualities and be utterly void of the essentials of salvation.

The old Hebrew priests who secured the crucifixion of Jesus Christ, were what the world would to-day call elegant gentlemen.

They believed, they gave of their money, they no doubt were highly respectable in their lives, but they were utterly void of the spirit of true religion. There are many such men in high places in the church to-day.

When a man takes up with notions and doctrines entirely out of harmony with the teachings of Jesus Christ, I care nothing about his native abilities, his scholarship, or his culture.

His eloquence to me is as a sounding brass, as a tinkling cymbal.

The elegant scholars of a hetrodox pulpit who sneer at the awful truth of the future punishment of the finally impenitent wicked, sneer at God and His holy law. The Bible recognizes every man as a free

moral agent. It everywhere calls to repentance and promises mercy.

The whole of that blessed Book is one mighty declaration of God's compassionate love for a lost world and His willingness, yea, His desire to save it. To save it from sin that He may save it from hell.

I would like to ask these men you seem to admire so much, and for whose eloquence and culture you plead, I should like to ask them how the Almighty One could give a heaven of purity and bliss to men, "whose mouths are full of cursing and bitterness," whose "feet are swift to shed blood," of whom the inspired Apostle says: "Destruction and misery are in their way; and the way of peace they have not known; there is no fear of God before their eyes."

Is this the material with which you and your scholarly and cultured friends would populate heaven? If you answer, that you would have these people born again and made holy before they enter heaven, I answer, that is the requirement of the Scriptures, and that is what our merciful Father is trying to accomplish. That is why Jesus Christ said: "*Ye must be born again.*" That is why the inspired writer has declared: "Without holiness no man shall

see the Lord." Think you that such persons as those described above, and there are multiplied thousands of them roaming the world at this hour—life, property, virtue—nothing is sacred to them. The gray hairs of age, or the prattle of innocent babyhood is no protection to anyone who happens to stand in the way of the gratification of their lusts. The clock of time does not strike an hour that the blood of some innocent victim is not made to flow by their murderous hand. Think you that these demons of robbery and slaughter would be happy if you should pull them out of their dens and carry them in their crimes, stained with the blood of their victims, to the front pew of some church, where a Godly people were engaging in songs of joy and hallelujahs of praise? Do you think they would be happy in heaven in the presence of a holy God among spotless saints? You know they would not. You know that happiness depends, *not on where we are, but on what we are.*

I must tell you in closing that your eloquent and cultured scholars who sneer at orthodoxy, who ridicule the idea of future punishment, do not only disregard the teachings of God's word, but they are illogical and unscientific.

There is no law in this universe more

rigid—nothing in science more exacting, than that purity insures peace, and sinning makes sorrowing absolutely certain.

The laws that govern in the moral world are fearfully stubborn facts. The man who fights against God, His laws, His Son and His Holy Spirit, fights also against his own immortal nature.

He produces a condition of disorder, riot and ruin in his own soul. He comes into a state of moral death.

His breast becomes a graveyard, his very heart is a sepulchre, in which lie dead and decaying all those faculties which once made happiness possible.

The hot iron of his sins has seared his conscience, and he is past those feelings of tender contrition and Godly sorrow, which make pardon possible.

The power to weep, the power to repent and pray, to hope for mercy, or to turn back from his wickedness to God lies dead and buried within him. He is dead in trespasses and in sins. "Having the understanding darkened, being alienated from the life of God through the ignorance that is in them, because of the blindness of their hearts, who, being past feeling, have given themselves over unto lasciviousness to work all uncleanness with greediness." Eph. 4: 18-19.

“Because they receive not the love of the truth that they might be saved. And for this cause God shall send them strong delusions, that they should believe a lie: that they might all be damned who believe not the truth, but had pleasure in unrighteousness.”—2 Thes. 2: 10, 11, 12.

My brother, suffer a word of warning. Be careful how you follow the cunningly-devised fables of men, lest you should, in the end, become one of those who, “receive not the love of the truth,” and *strong delusions* darken your mind, and you, having given up one part or doctrine of God’s Word, give up another portion of it, and at length come to “*believe a lie.*”

Jesus Christ spoke repeatedly and plainly on this subject, and His teachings are quite different from those of your eloquent and gifted scholars. Of the finally impenitent wicked, Jesus says: “*These shall go away into everlasting punishment.*” . . . “There shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth,” “where their worm dieth not and their fire is not quenched.”

If you insist that these are mere figures of speech, I answer that if Christ used figures of speech which exaggerated the facts as they really exist, then He is not a reliable teacher. Would you dare think that the

Son of God used figures of speech out of harmony with facts, in order to frighten men into His service? Prove this to be true, and you prove Christ false to the truth; you prove Him an impostor, and we have no Christ. This is the trouble with you men who are constantly attacking some important doctrine of the Bible. If you should succeed in breaking down the truth to which you have taken special dislike, you would break up the whole column of truth, and the entire line of battle which God has arrayed against sin is thrown into confusion and driven from the field.

If you prove that there is no future punishment for the finally impenitent wicked, or if you prove there is no such punishment as the words of Christ imply, you at the same time prove that Christ is an unreliable teacher, hence not the Saviour of men, and if this be true, the Prophets of the Old Testament and the Apostles of the New Testament are not reliable men, and the whole structure of our Christianity is borne to the ground, and the foundations of faith are destroyed.

I am quite sure this is not your purpose. You would not go so far as this, but this is the logical outcome of your present position. A few steps further in the direction you are

going and plain logic will force you to go all the way.

God, in His infinite wisdom and mercy, has so woven together the truths of His Holy Word, that *each truth is protected by every other truth*. You cannot segregate and tear out this or that doctrine or teach at your pleasure without marring the entire Bible.

It is like an arch, in which every stone is a *keystone* ; remove one of them and you loosen every one of them, and the whole falls into ruin. One of the greatest sins being committed against God and this generation is the sin being committed by those eloquent and cultured scholars of whom you speak, who are sneering at the doctrine of future punishment, and removing from before the eyes of the teeming millions of wicked men and women, that *wholesome fear of hell*, which keeps a constant restraint upon them and leads multitudes to repentance.

Despise my admonitions if you will, but let me warn you again, in conclusion, that there is coming a time when you and all who are deluded by your false teachings will find out there is a hell.

You will learn, when it may be too late, that there is that in an outraged human conscience which breaks out in the un-

quenchable fire of remorse as deep as a bottomless pit and as lasting as eternity.

I would God that those men in the pulpits of the land who claim to be teachers sent of heaven's King, would, using the awful language of our blessed Lord, arouse the fears of the vast multitude of our fellow beings who are now plunging heedlessly to ruin, until they would become aware of their danger and "*flee from the wrath to come.*"



IX. THE OBEDIENCE OF LOVE.

"If ye keep my commandments ye shall abide in my love, even as I have kept my Father's commandments and abide in His love."—*John 14 : 10.*



THESE words were spoken by our Lord to his disciples the evening of His betrayal. It was a most memorable occasion. The clock of destiny on the tower of Time was striking the hour that marked the close of the old dispensation, and ushered in the new.

It was on this never-to-be-forgotten evening that Christ celebrated with His disciples the feast of the Passover for the last time, and instituted with them that new feast, *the Lord's Supper*. It was on this evening that He told them plainly of the coming separation, of the cruel death which awaited Him, and comforted their troubled hearts with the assurance that having prepared a place for them, He would come again to receive them unto Himself. He taught them humility and love for one another by washing their feet, and promised them the coming, and abiding of the Holy Ghost forever. He taught them that they must be His witnesses, showed them

that they must suffer for His sake, illustrated to them with the vine, its branches, and the husbandman, the close and dependent relations existing between them, Himself, and the Father. He prayed for their deliverance from the evil one, for their *sanctification*, and oneness. The text is the key to the entire situation. On the keeping of His commandments all else depends.

It matters not what grace is given, or what promise is made, all fails if His commandments are neglected or violated. The gift of the Holy Ghost is conditioned on the keeping of His commandments.

“If ye love me keep my commandments and I will pray the Father, and He shall give you another Comforter, that He may abide with you forever.”

The religion of Jesus Christ is not an ordinance, it is not a profession, it is not speaking like an angel, foreseeing like a prophet, giving all of one's goods to feed the poor, or one's body to be burned. The religion of Jesus Christ is love, not a mere sentiment or affection. It is not simply a lofty admiration for His spotless character, His sinless life, His compassionate and merciful attitude toward lost men. It is something far deeper and higher than this.

It is a holy love for Christ that fills the

heart with adoration, praise and *obedience*. It enables the soul to find its higher joy in *keeping His commandments*. One of the distinguishing qualities of this unselfish, holy love is that *it delights in service*. This keeping of His commandments is the one supreme test of true discipleship. "And hereby we do know that we know Him, if we keep His commandments. He that sayeth, 'I know Him,' and keepeth not His commandments, is a liar, and the truth is not in him. But whoso keepeth His word, in him verily is the love of God perfected; hereby know we that we are in Him. He that sayeth He abideth in Him ought himself also to walk even as He walked." —I John, 2 : chap. 3 to 6.

It will be readily admitted that this high standard is very far above human nature as we find it. But God's provisions are easily equal to His requirements.

The fulfilling of the high law of love is impossible without the rich grace offered in the gospel.

To use a figure of speech, there is a wide stretch of country between the state of the natural man described by the apostle in Romans 3 : 10 to 18, and the new or spiritual man described in Col. 3 : 10 to 17. Let us contrast these Scriptures here : "As it is written, there is none righteous; no,

not one. There is none that understandeth ; there is none that seeketh after God. They are all gone out of the way ; they are together become unprofitable ; there is none that doeth good ; no, not one. Their throat is an open sepulcher ; with their tongues they have used deceit ; the poison of asps is under their lips. Whose mouth is full of cursing and bitterness. Their feet are swift to shed blood. Destruction and misery are in their ways. And the way of peace they have not known. There is no fear of God before their eyes." If the daily papers which bring us the news of the fearful murders and nameless crimes which are of daily occurrence in the very centres of our civilization are at all reliable, this picture of fallen humanity is not overdrawn. Fearful as it is, we must admit it true to life. Who will question it, who, under the light of the Holy Spirit, has looked into the depths of his own heart ? Now, behold the wonderful transition in this same degraded and sinful nature. "And having put on the new man that is renewed in knowledge after the image of Him that created him." Where there is neither Greek nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free, but Christ is all, and in all. Put on, therefore, as the elect of God, holy and beloved, bowels of mercies,

kindness, humbleness of mind, meekness, long suffering, forbearing one another, and forgiving one another, if any man have a quarrel against any: even as Christ forgave you, so also do ye. And above all these things put on charity, which is the bond of perfectness. And let the peace of God rule in your hearts, to which also ye are called in one body, and be ye thankful. Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom, teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord. And whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God and the Father by Him."

Wide as the contrast is between the natural man here portrayed in Rom. 3: 10 to 18, and the new man in Christ, described in Col. 3: 10 to 17; yet it is possible, by the forgiveness of sins and the cleansing of the blood of Christ to make the journey across from the land of bondage to the Canaan of perfect love. Not only is this possibility taught in the Scriptures, but it has been graciously verified in many lives. John Bunyan made this wonderful journey. There he was a degraded, profane, vulgar Sabbath desecrater. But the power and grace of God found way into his heart, and

he not only forsakes all of his sins, but rejoices to suffer persecution for Christ's sake. There never were uttered braver words than those spoken by him when he said to his persecutors who offered to release him from prison, in which they had kept him for many long years, if he would cease preaching: "Rather than give up the privilege of preaching the gospel I will remain in this prison until the moss be grown upon my forehead like my eyebrows. But you turn me out to-day and I will preach Christ to-morrow." The Commandments of Christ are impossible to those who do not love Him, but the love of Christ makes the heart to delight in obedience.

We reflect that the provisions of the gospel are equal to the requirements of the law. "Where sin abounded, grace doth much more abound." And when the abounding grace blots out all the transgressions, and cleanseth away all unrighteousness, the soul rejoices in the truth of that saying of John, "*His Commandments are not grievous.*" To keep the *high law of love*,—and that is the first and *great Commandment*, that is the "*fulfilling of the law.*" To keep the high law of love, to "love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength, . . . and to love thy neigh-

bor as thyself," and to love thine enemies, and love all men with a pure heart fervently, to keep this high law of love, the heart must be perfected in love. Actual sins must be forgiven, and the carnal nature must be eliminated. But all of this is provided for in the plan of redemption.

"There are given to us exceeding great and precious promises, that by these ye might be partakers of the divine nature, having escaped the corruption that is in the world through lust."

Let us not complain of the weakness of our human nature, and the height of the standard our Lord has set up. Rather let us rejoice that the carnal nature can be cleansed away, and that we may, in its stead, have the *love of God* shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost, thus having been made partakers of the divine nature.

The power of the atonement is not exhausted in providing forgiveness for those who have violated the law; it is abundantly able to bring these same violators of law into such perfect harmony with Him who fixed the law that they can say with the Psalmist, "Oh, God, how love I Thy law."

"This is the covenant that I will make with them after those days, sayeth the Lord. I will put my laws in their hearts,

and in their minds will I write them.”—
Heb. 10, 16.

There is an exceeding great and precious promise in 2 Cor. 6, 16, “Ye are the temple of the living God; as God hath said, I will dwell in them, and walk in them, and I will be their God, and they shall be my people.”

It is not the business of the Christian to strive in his own strength to keep the high law of love. It is not to be kept by binding oneself with rigid rules. The legalist is at best a slave. The hermits and the monks have made a mistake in forgetting the spirit and striving after the letter of the law.

They have shut themselves away from men, and tortured their flesh. Their motives have been good, perhaps, but their methods have been contrary to the entire philosophy of the plan of redemption. We are saved by grace. *He has suffered, “the just for the unjust.”* Infinite mercy has solved the sin problem. God has discovered a plan by which He may remain just, in the justification of the ungodly. He found a sinless man, who was willing to bear our sins in his own body, on the cross. “*With His stripes we are healed.*” “All we, like sheep, have gone astray; . . . and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all.”

Through the sufferings and death of

Jesus Christ there is *opened up a fountain for sin and uncleanness*. His blood cleanseth from all sin. The Holy Ghost coming into the soul, brings with Him and inaugurates the reign of the high law of love.

Then let us, trusting in the full atonement of Jesus' blood, seek the baptism with the Holy Ghost. Filled with Him we will be able to keep His Commandments and abide in His love, even as He has kept His Father's Commandments and abides in His Father's love.—Amen.



X. THE PRESENCE OF CHRIST.

“They turned back again to Jerusalem, seeking Him.”—
Luke 2, 45.

IF some man of wealth should offer to make me a present of a million of dollars, and should specify as a condition of the gift that I should invest the entire amount in the publication of the creeds of the various denominations of Christians, I would not receive the money. I could not afford to do so from a business point of view. If I should, my million would soon be put up in creeds, and my creeds would soon be put up on shelves never to be taken down.

The people are not reading creeds, and they will not read them again. The worldly and wicked are not interested in such matters, and the devout and prayerful are far more interested in *Christ* than they are in *creeds*.

If some man of wealth should offer me a million dollars, and the terms of the gift were that the entire amount should be invested in the publication of religious books, I would accept the gift. If on my reception of the money I should meet with a man just

returned from Jerusalem who, digging in some heap of debris in that ancient city, had found a well-preserved manuscript, sufficient to make a book of three hundred pages, which could be proven beyond any and all doubt, to be a life of Christ, written by the Apostle Luke, beginning with the night that the songs of the angels startled the shepherds that watched their flocks on Judean hills, to the day the cloud chariot received Him back to glory, I would not hesitate one moment to pay him down the entire million dollars for the manuscript. I would start the linotype machines to clicking, the presses to whirling, and would keep an army of binders up late at night. I would have it translated into many languages, tie up the plates, and have them put on presses in London, and Paris, and Berlin, and Vienna, and St. Petersburg, and Rome, and every great national capital in the world. I would send special trains with a rushed edition throughout the United States, and would sell the books by millions of copies, wherever once the story of the manger and the cross had been preached.

Bad as this poor lost world is, it is more interested in Jesus Christ to-day than ever before. He who was lifted up said, "I will draw all men unto me."

A few years ago there appeared in our

literature a little book with the title, "In His Steps ; or, What Would Jesus do?"

The book was from the pen of an obscure writer. The plot of the story it contained was commonplace, and there was not a glittering sentence of English in it, and yet the book was published in several languages and more than a half million copies were sold within a few months after it came from the press. The secret of the large circulation of the book was that the times were ripe for just such a book. The Christian world was tired of creeds, forms and ceremonies. It had grown sick of discussions of difficult theological subjects and debates on apostolic succession, and the mode of baptism, and was eager to hear something about Christ.

It was not theological curiosity to pry into the mystery of the immaculate conception, as the union in one of the divine and the human, but a real heart-hunger for Christ Himself.

The tendency, and teaching, and purpose of that little book was to bring Christ into the practical life of His disciples. Doctrines and experiences had been taught and contended for, but this book was to call attention to the importance of Christ, not only in doctrine and experience, but Christ in *practice*.

Somehow the reader was made to feel

that Christ was within easy reach ; that His spirit could be imbibed, His nature partaken of, and His life be reproduced in an important sense by His disciples.

We have sometimes wondered that there was so little of Christ's life on record in the New Testament. There is the visit of the angel to Mary, a few circumstances connected with the time and place of His birth, the flight into Egypt, the return to Nazareth, the visit to Jerusalem when He was twelve years of age, and then the curtain falls until He appears at Jordan asking baptism at the hands of John the Baptist ; then the three short years, the crucifixion, the resurrection, the forty days, and the ascension.

It was not intended that the heart and mind should be satisfied by reading huge volumes giving in minute detail the life of Christ. Christ Himself must be embraced, loved and worshipped by those who would satisfy the cry of the human soul.

In the second chapter of Luke, beginning with the fortieth verse and concluding with the fifty-second verse, we have all that the New Testament contains of the childhood of Christ, or of something more than thirty years of His life on earth.

We learn here that when Jesus was about twelve years of age He went with Joseph

and Mary to attend the yearly feast at Jerusalem. At the close of the feast, when His parents started on their homeward journey, "The Child Jesus tarried behind in Jerusalem, and Joseph and His mother knew not of it. But they, supposing Him to have been in the company, went a day's journey, and they sought Him among their kinsfolk and acquaintances. And when they found Him not, they turned back again to Jerusalem, seeking Him."

It will be well to remember here that Mary did not design to leave Jesus behind. She would not have purposely done so. She loved Him with all her heart—her hopes were all wrapped up in Him. It was not forgetfulness on her part; she thought of Him, and "*supposed*" He was with the kinsfolk in the company, and on this *supposition* she went a day's journey without making careful inquiry. When she came to investigate she found her supposition was false. Jesus was not to be found, and with great distress of mind Joseph and Mary "turned back again to Jerusalem seeking Him."

They kept up the search for three days. The anxiety and self-reproach they suffered because of their *presumption* must have been intense, but finally, at the close of a three-days' search, they "found Him in the temple sitting in the midst of the

doctors, both hearing them, and asking them questions. And all that heard Him were astonished at His understanding and answers."

We may be sure that when Mary left for home the next time she was not satisfied with a mere supposition. Nothing but the actual presence of Christ at her side could have pacified her loving heart.

Some years afterward when our Lord had entered upon His ministry, Mary, with her younger sons, went to visit Jesus, and when they came to the house where He was teaching, someone called to Him and said, "Thy mother and Thy brethren stand without, desiring to speak with Thee." Jesus stopped in the midst of His teaching, and, looking quietly over the assembly, said, "Who is my mother, and who are my brethren?" And He stretched forth His hand toward His disciples and said, "Behold my mother and my brethren. For whosoever shall do the will of my Father, which is in heaven, the same is my brother, and my sister, and my mother."

This is a beautiful truth; *obedience makes us akin to Christ*. The doing of the Father's will brings us into kinship with His Son, and binds us into one great family.

Reader, do we believe in Christ? have we been baptized in His name? do we love

Him? *But more important still, is Christ with us to-day?*

Is our religion a memory, a form, an affection, or a hope, or have we the indwelling presence of our blessed Lord?

Let us not hasten away from this all-important question.

Mary, as has been stated, believed in and loved her Son. She did not purposely leave Him; nor did she forget Him, but she travelled an entire day on a *mere supposition*.

She was not careful to make sure of His presence. She did not look about her, search Him out, take Him by the hand, look into His face, and say, "Come; the time has come for me to go, and I cannot go without you." It may be safely presumed that no Christian backslides with malice aforethought. No one says, "I intend to steal away from Christ; I will not need Him, and I want to lose Him for awhile," but doubtless many go forward on the *mere supposition* that He is in the company, the family, or the church, without making it a point to be sure of His presence.

We shall have to learn to wait on Jesus, and to entreat Him to go with us, and to abide in our homes and hearts.

Let us go into no country, enter upon no pursuit, engage in no business, form

no important relations without first making sure that we have the approval and the presence of Christ. There is no doubt that many church members who were once brightly converted, and who have an unshaken faith in the divinity of our Lord and His powers to save from sin; and we may go further and say they have some sort of love for Him, and yet it might be said of them as it is said of Joseph and Mary, *Jesus has tarried behind and they know not of it.*

Reader, how is it with your own soul? Is Christ with you now? Does His atoning blood cleanse you? Does His gracious presence keep your heart from sin, strengthen you for service, and comfort you on your way? Is Christ formed in you the hope of glory?

It is said that when the Rev. John Fletcher was rector of the church at Madley, one morning his congregation assembled in the auditorium of the church and waited some time for Mr. Fletcher to come into the pulpit, and finally someone asked the sexton where the rector was, and why he did not come out and preach. The sexton answered that Mr. Fletcher was in his study, but someone was with him in there, whom he seemed to be trying to induce to come into the pulpit with him. The sexton

said, " I heard Mr. Fletcher say, '*I will not go except You go with me.*' "

The congregation waited patiently, and by and by Mr. Fletcher came into the pulpit, and the congregation, looking into his shining face, knew that it was Christ with whom Mr. Fletcher had been talking, and they knew that Christ had come with him, and they felt fully rewarded for waiting.

Oh, reader, may we learn to wait on Christ, and to say to Him out of the depths of our hearts, "*Lord, I will not go except Thou go with me.*"



